



UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

AND HER R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

To know the cause why music was ordained;
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

MAY 3, 1838.

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WE proceed, as promised, to a slight consideration of that *inferiority in knowledge* among our native professors, which we assigned as one of two causes of the cold treatment Beethoven's Choral Symphony experienced at the Philharmonic Concert, in the lifetime of its composer.

There is a great school, and a little school in music—the school adapted to the splendid *material* of an orchestra of assembled hundreds, the overwhelming burst of a thousand voices—and the school appropriate to a cathedral with three choirmen, or the convivialities of a dinner table. A totally different phraseology, it need scarcely be added, prevails in these schools; the materials with which their respective students work, the modes by which they endeavour to interest the mind, are widely at variance. The composer in the great school seeks to elevate his ideas, to clothe them with dignity and force, by bringing many auxiliaries to bear upon them. His canvas abounds with a rich warmth of colouring; his figures are broad and massive, their outline bold and prominent. In this academy of the art one may venture on combinations, which, carried into the miniature seminary, would be as absurd an imitation, as the attempt of the frog to rival the bulk of the ox.

The education of our native artists, for a long period, was never directed to the study of the great school, as exemplified in the symphony, and the numberless grand specimens of concerted choral music. The sole avenues to distinction seemed, at one time, to be confined to ecclesiastical musical appointments, the election as a member of the various convivial vocal associations, and the *solo* performance on a particular instrument. The resources of counterpoint, the union of many melodies, the wide fields of modulation, had been virtually abandoned. In the cathedral the legitimate choral anthems, the daring combinations of Henry Purcell, had sunk down to the simple plain counterpoint of King and Arnold.

VOL. IX.—NEW SERIES, VOL. II.

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The choral madrigal had degenerated into the comparatively feeble, although oftentimes elegant, glee. Pure vocal composition was the principal employment of our writers, who, not having the good fortune of a *conservatoire* to direct their studies, made themselves acquainted with such of the mechanical departments of composition as could be gathered from our English works on vocal counterpoint, which information they illustrated by a frequent performance of the small specimens of the art, on which these works professed to treat. Thus the more sketchy, the less encumbered with ideas, a composition was turned out, the further it was likely to travel, and the more favourable was sure to be its reception. Hence the popularity of Callcott's glees; nothing can be better defined than their outline, and nothing more scanty than their details. Webbe, among musicians, will always bear away the palm; but Callcott will invariably please better among a mixed multitude. Our composers, in writing themselves down to the level of the dinner table, and in being compelled to accommodate their productions for the church to the limited choirs of our cathedrals, suffered the prettinesses and refinements of the vocal gamut to swallow up all their attention. Our pianists were too busy in concocting variations—which differed no more than the beans in a bushel—for the edification of boarding-school misses, and their own emolument, to trouble themselves about the æsthetical branches of the art; and as there were no choral societies of any magnitude in constant operation, the great school of concerted vocal music had been nearly forgotten; and that of instrumental had yet to make its appearance in this country, except in very select society. We do not intend to refer these signs of the times to the exact period at which Beethoven's ninth symphony was stifled, but rather as preceding it by some years; the ill effects of such an imperfect education having, however, by no means passed away.

The Choral Symphony is remarkable for its learning, and the unlimited command of its composer over the empire of sweet sounds. In this work it is not so much the prominence of any particular melody, as the contrapuntal union of many—the close process of musical reasoning—which strikes the intelligent hearer. Now, in 1825, how few English musicians were, by education or subsequent habit, qualified, without any previous acquaintance with the score, to unravel the various melodies, to detect and unfold the curious involutions of the harmonies, to follow the incessant progressions of so many parts, amidst the glare of a large orchestra. The English composer wished to put every thing down, so that it might be intelligible at half a glance. Beethoven, however, places his drums here, his bassoons there, and double basses in another situation, purposely to arrest attention, and excite reflection. Now, our artists were then too much in the habit of frequenting the concert room, not to learn, but to decide. The glee and the verse anthem forbade much modulation, inculcated a predilection for old models, a uniformity and clearness of rhythm, but little detail; here was a symphony, every one of the characteristics of which was the reverse. It therefore shocked the conscience—and was shelved!

THE CHANT.

Enough of earth ! Lo ! round the sapphire Throne,
 Range seraphs, front to front, with rushing wing.
 In number numberless, in glory one ;
 From lip to lip their lauds alternate ring :
 Hark ! how with angel-touch they sweep the string,
 And joyous chant as on Creation's morn :
 Holy, Thrice Holy Lord, of Kings the King !
 Crowned be that Head once wreathed with pointed thorn !—
 Strange ! that a seraph's song should wake a mortal's scorn !

THE chant may be denominated the simplest form of musical expression. It has neither the complex involutions of the Anthem, nor the ever-changing harmonies of the Chorale. Its present character, which has not substantially varied from its original construction, is manifested, either in a rapid and uniform intonation, resembling "the musical pronouncing," spoken of by St. Augustine, as in use in the churches of Alexandria ; or in the distinct articulation of a part of a sentence upon one note, terminating with a few varied and deliberate chords.

The antiquity of the chant is universally admitted, although the author and time of its invention have been controverted. About the middle of the fourth century, St. Ambrose introduced chanting into the services at Milan, whence the practice extended itself throughout the western branch of the Christian Church. He derived it, as St. Augustine informs us, from the Greek Fathers ; a testimony confirmed by Eusebius.

It is probable that the style thus traced to the first ages of the Church, was in effect but an adaptation of the mode of chanting the Hebrew ritual in the Temple service ; embracing such improvements as the progress of knowledge and acquaintance with the music of Pagan countries might suggest. Thus Calvin admits his conviction, "that, from the beginning, the Christians followed the Jewish use in singing of Psalms, and that in his admonitions to the Ephesians and Colossians, the Apostle evidently recommends this duty, which was so much practised by the Jews." The latter, as we have already observed, confined their music almost exclusively to the Temple ; and many parts of the Old Testament lead to the conclusion, that they were not unacquainted with responsive singing. The fact that women assisted in musical divisions, as well as the structure of many Psalms and Prophetical Hymns, favour this opinion. Thus Psalm civ. is plainly formed on this model ; in which, as Bp. Lowth observes, "the parts are easily distinguished ; inasmuch as while one semichorus always speaks of God in the third person, the other addresses him in the second." Psalm cxxxvi. presents another specimen—the burden or closing couplet of which is expressly quoted by Ezra as an antiphon. "And they sang together by *course* in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord ; because he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever toward Israel."

It is difficult to conceive stronger authority for the admission of any of the circumstantial of Christian faith than can be produced in support of the neglected chant. And if any determine still to disregard the scriptural account of its celestial use, and explain away passages like the one quoted, by those arts of human reasoning which convert a substance into a shadow, a fact into a figure, a thing real into a nonentity—let them respect the hoar hairs of antiquity, which are in many points to it a crown of glory. We can trace the chant back to within a few centuries of the flood, through all the gradations of religious worship under the present and former dispensation, whether Christian or Jewish, Church, Temple, or Tabernacle ; we ask, therefore, some slight caution before an unlimited condemnation. "For," as Hooker observes, "whosoever were the author, whatsoever the time, whensoever the example of beginning this custom in the Church of Christ ; sith we are wont to suspect things only before trial, and afterward either to approve them as good, or if we find them evil accordingly to judge of them ; their counsel must needs seem very unseasonable, who advise men now to suspect that wherewith the world hath had, by their own account, twelve hundred years' acquaintance and upwards, enough to take away suspicion and jealousy. Men know by this time, if ever they will know, whether it be good or evil which hath been so long retained."

The progress of chanting is so nearly connected with the general history of church music, that few observations need be added to bring it down to our own

time. Before the invention of counterpoint, and the consequent introduction of more varied and intricate harmonies, ecclesiastical music consisted almost exclusively of the chant. The newly imported melody of St. Ambrose was a chant—the Canto Fermo of Gregory was a chant; and it was not till the adoption of elaborate harmonies, that it yielded precedence to the fuller chorale or bolder anthem. Indeed, as we have already seen, it was long after the invention of counterpoint, that music ventured to step beyond the grave and solemn descant which custom had familiarized and antiquity rendered venerable. So long, however, as it was left mainly to the management of the priests and immediate officers of the church, it retained its hold upon the ecclesiastical services.

By a comparison of the specimens of the alternate chant which abound in our Liturgy, with the choral practices of the Jews and early Christians, the mind is struck with the numerous coincidences existing between them—all demonstrative of the high regard paid to antiquity, and the care with which its monuments have been preserved. The cathedral chanting of the Church of England possesses almost every characteristic of the Jewish music, and varies only in its enriching the meagre simplicity of the ancient mode, from the abounding stores of modern harmonies. It may not be uninteresting to enumerate a few instances of general resemblance.

1. In the Temple service there were two precentors, one for each band of singers, who were appointed to commence and direct the others.

2. They seem to have had not only singing-men but singing-boys.

3. "The singers were generally Levites, and stood in the desks while they sang; and the singing-boys" (as Bedford supposes) "stood directly under them."

4. The singers and boys were divided into two bands, standing opposite each other. Their places were determined by lot—"ward against ward, as well the small as the great, the teacher as the scholar."

5. They answered one another; "and therefore," as Bedford says, "it is very probable that one side sung one verse of a psalm, and the other side sung the other."

6. It may be added, that the singers divided each Psalm into three parts, making long pauses, during which the trumpets sounded and the people worshipped; to which the symphonies and other instrumental movements in our anthems may bear some analogy.

Thus we see a considerable resemblance between the services of the Jews and our cathedral worship. "If they had their instrumental as well as vocal music, so have we. If their singers stood in the desks, and the boys stood directly under them, all clothed in white linen—so is it with us. If they had their precentor to begin their tunes and their psalms, so have we. If they had singers who were Levites, or might be of another tribe—we have also some which are ordained, and some in a lay capacity. If they answered each other in singing, or sang by turns—so do we. If they had various ways of singing—so have we. And, lest all this should not be sufficient, we have an anthem, where the composer may exercise either art or fancy in a single part, or in a concert. And thus our Cathedrals are the only places in England which have collected the fragments of antiquity in relation to Church music, that nothing might be lost; and at the same time left a skilful artist wholly at liberty to make the utmost improvements of which the art is capable."

It has been already stated that the Chant is a sort of intermediate link between the Psalm-tune and the Anthem. It is better adapted for congregational singing than the latter, and less so than the former. Unlike the Anthem, it never perils the meaning of a sentence upon verbal or clausal repetitions; and from its construction, it more happily combines vocal and rhythmical inflexions than in the regular stalk of the Chorale "o'er rough and smooth." It requires, however, some degree of lightness of utterance and flexibility of modulation, and therefore for general use, yields precedence to the Psalm-tune, which, from its very defect, better humours the voice of an undisciplined multitude. Thus the full exercise of the Chant is confined to Cathedrals, though it is occasionally admitted into parish churches. The English seem peculiarly to have studied this species of composition, and in some cases with singular felicity; for while their Anthems have often an appearance of heaviness and prosy science, the Chant assumes a

liveliness and raciness of character, which accord well with the nature of the composition and the sentiment of which it is the organ. Its very perfection is to be met with in our Cathedral Churches. Nothing can be more interesting than this part of the service. Two bands or companies of boys, clad in white raiment, to denote the sanctity of their office and the inward purity which ought to attend it, stand opposite each other; and, as the Angels are represented in Heaven, take up alternately the parts of the chant, mingling their clear and rich voices with the loud swell of the organ; while, to the listener, the sound seems to float between the high-arched roof and the small choir, like a cloud of adoration.

In the full Cathedral service, the whole Litany is thus chanted, the Prayers by the Chaplain, and the responses by the choir. A voiceless clergy affords perhaps the best reason why the practice has not extended to our parochial churches. (*La Trobe's "Music of the Church."*)

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

"*The Beggar's Opera*" was brought out in the season of 1727-8; and its popularity was altogether of the highest class. It became at once the single subject of theatres, conversation, books, engravings, and popularity in all its shapes, for an extraordinary length of time. It was played in the provincial theatres with almost its London frequency, to the thirtieth and fortieth night; at Bath and Bristol, fifty; it swept every thing of rivalry from the stage in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; it was performed even in Minorca; its songs were the only music of the fashionable world; its poetry was carried about on fans; its scenes and music met the eye on screens, and all the grotesque and ornamental furniture of that stately day, of the toilet and the drawing-room. If, inferior to St. Cecilia's miracle, it drew no angel down; it nearly overthrew a minister, and it raised an actress to the ducal coronet. England was then as whimsically prone to discover all excellencies in any object of its fickle wonder, as it is still. This actress, whom chance flung into the part of Polly, was suddenly exalted into the possession of every talent under heaven. She was fabricated into even a wit; and books were published, containing the bon mots and repartees of Miss Fenton! Her picture eclipsed all the noble portraits of the day; her "life" was invented and published; her face and person became the standard of grace; her dress superseded French millinery, and last, and most improbable of all glories, her songs drew back the noble worshippers from the Italian Opera.

The secret of "*The Beggar's Opera*," is its admirable adaptation to the peculiar turn of the English mind; its sound sense, its shrewd satire on general human nature, its vigorous seizure of national character, and, finally, its *hits* at men in office.

Walpole's ability as a minister, has received the praise of Burke, who looked upon his solidity and vigour as essential to the settlement of the nation after the Hanoverian succession. But his disregard of the moralities of office, his open hire of the press, and the general free-living habits of the statesman, who declared, that he introduced but "*one topic*" after dinner, because on that one alone all men of all parties were agreed, had left him open to a large share of public dislike, unconnected with even the fiery resentment of the exiled faction. Gay, too, had his wrongs; for the poet had been treated with dishonest scorn by the court party; a treatment deserved by every poet who annexes himself to the skirts of any patron; and Walpole's careless and unrevenging head was the safest, if not the loftiest, at which his vengeance could be flung.

It is recorded that great expectation of the satire of the opera was excited, and that in the song,

"When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be,
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
That each cries, 'That was levell'd at me,'"—

the whole audience turned round to Walpole's box, where the minister had the

courage to be present, and the good nature to acknowledge the allusion but by a smile.

One of the singularities of this striking performance, is its utter contrast to all the other works of Gay. It is one of thirteen dramas of its author, of which no man now hears, and which never attained any celebrity. It was not his first and last, as we have sometimes seen in the out-break of genius, nor his last and best, as sometimes in the maturity of stage knowledge. It was his seventh. He was born in 1688; he died in 1732; his opera was played in the season 1727-8, in his fortieth year; and with this opera his genius expired. But this is more improbable than that this work should have been largely indebted to another parentage. Gay's habitual style was graceful feebleness. His "Polly," the opera written immediately in the full inspiration of success, is perhaps the tamest production in the language. His "Trivia" is less common-place; but its chief merit with posterity will doubtless be its having been capable of transfer almost wholly to the "Human Life" of Mr. Rogers.

The solution may be approached by our supposing that Swift, who originally suggested, "what a pretty thing a Newgate pastoral would make," was the chief maker of the opera. Spence, at least a half-informed personage, and the humblest harbinger of Boswell, tells us, that as it went on, it was read at intervals to Swift, Pope, and probably their customary fellow-conspirator in wit and bitterness, Arbuthnot: and that they suggested ideas, but "the writing was all Mr. Gay's," who finally retired to Edinburgh, probably as to the spot where he might find the most elevated attic on the face of the earth, if not inhale the most appropriate air for sarcastic inspiration.

We have now done with "The Beggar's Opera;" its indecencies are inexcusable in our age, but they are much purified, and were virtue to the theatrical tone of its original day; its encouragement of highway robbery has vanished with the years when gentlemen took the road after the play, and cleared the purses of the Hounslow-heath and Bagshot travellers until morning. Its tavern life was the customary recreation of our moral ancestors in the age of chivalry and the constitution, "seventy years ago." But its songs and its wit will live while England is England.

It is pleasant enough to think that this opera was at once repelled in America with the most furious indignation. Incledon's Macheath, the most genuine exhibition of the character that the world had ever seen, or will ever see—the truest compound of the easy audacity, unruffled resolution, and joyous indulgence of the king of highwaymen, was driven off the stage in a hurricane of "national delicacy." Yet America might have exhibited that virtue of toleration on her stage, which she so magnanimously exhibits in receiving the refuse of our population. The land of refuge for all European sinners, might have opened its generous bosom to some of our sins; and the adventures of the highwayman should have found mercy in the eyes of Jonathan.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, 1826.

CLARA WIECK, THE CELEBRATED PIANIST.

CLARA WIECK was born at Leipsic in 1819, and received from her father, Frederick Wieck, an excellent musical education. Without any forcing of her early developed talent, or blunting her strong and delicate feeling by too close an application, she could, at nine years of age, play by heart several of Mozart's concertos, and the A minor concerto of Hummel. She did not make her appearance in public, but many distinguished connoisseurs had formed a high opinion of her powers. At the age of ten, she had made such progress theoretically as well as practically, that she might safely be left to her own inspirations. Several of her first compositions excited the attention of Paganini, who was at that time giving concerts at Leipsic; and he delighted in watching the progress of expanding talent in this gifted child. The fortunate pupil was almost always in the company of the admiring master; and she exercised her abilities with such ever active zeal, and increasing success, that Paganini again and again repeated his conviction, that she would become a distinguished and original artist. In her eleventh year Clara Wieck made her public appearance at Leipsic, Weimar, Cassel, and Frank-

fort, where she executed, with the greatest applause, compositions of Pixis, Moscheles, and Chopin, to whom she quickly obtained access. In her twelfth year she visited Paris in order to hear Bertini, Herz, Kalkbrenner, and Liszt, and to derive new inspiration from the works and execution of these masters. Encouraged by the flattering reception which she received in several distinguished circles, she gave, in April 1832, a grand concert before a numerous and select audience. Here, among other things, she extemporised on two themes given her at the moment, to the delight and admiration of all present. At a later period, as her musical judgment became more severe, her taste purer, and her talents more matured, she never publicly, and seldom even in private circles, played entirely extempore. She liked to have some intimation before hand, and not to attempt this style completely unprepared. The breaking out of the cholera at Paris brought her residence there to a termination. She returned to Leipsic, her native city, where she for some years pursued in quiet retirement the study of composition, and had the advantage of receiving instruction from the excellent professor Henry Dorse, the present music director at Riga.

She has lately re-appeared to the public, and given concerts at Leipsic, Dresden, Breslau, Berlin, Hamburg, and other northern towns, where, besides the works of the old masters, she brought forward the less known compositions of Chopin, Henselt, and R. Schuman, and firmly established her fame as a great artist. The method which served to develop the talent of Clara Wieck from her fifth year, and which her instructor will shortly lay before the musical world, is distinguished by this among other peculiarities, that the first instruction is given entirely without the use of the notes. It was not till she had reached her seventh year, and had acquired a great facility of mechanical execution, when her ear had been carefully cultivated, all the keys thoroughly learned, and grounds of harmony studied, when she had practised the scales in every possible way, and could play without an error two hundred little pieces composed for her, and transpose them without difficulty into any key, that she first learned her notes. It may easily be supposed, that with such knowledge, she did this with extraordinary facility. Without stopping at the usual elementary books, she now went on at once to studies from Clementi, Moscheles, and Cramer; sonatas from Mozart; the easier and more intelligible parts of Beethoven, and other pieces of music; works, which while on the one side they give to the mind and fancy a deeper, more serious direction, are at the same time calculated to form a natural and easy mode of fingering. An unintermitted daily exercise, but which was never carried to fatigue or exhaustion, seconded powerfully this strictly observed method of instruction. Both together rapidly developed the powers of this young artist, yet though springing into early and beautiful maturity, they were not forced. No pernicious influence of overwrought nature was suffered to impair her health, or check the ardour and cramp the freedom of a young and lively spirit.

M. DOEHLER.

WITHOUT enumerating the list of those whose names shed a brilliance from Vienna to London, and from Paris to Naples, we will only say that Doehler is adding a new glory to the musical hemisphere, where shine most conspicuously Chopin, Liszt, and Thalberg.

M. Doehler is only twenty-two years of age. He is said to have been educated at the court of the Prince of Lucca, who took him under his own patronage. He was destined by a diplomatic education for a widely different career; but his genius carried him irresistibly into the department of this fascinating art. Nor ought he to regret having yielded to this strong native impulse, for he is as much admired by the *beau monde* for his modest dignity, as by the musical amateurs for his rare talent.

M. Doehler is now pianist to his Highness the Duke of Lucca, and it is a great honour both with respect to his Highness and the Duchy. As a performer his execution is distinguished by an astonishing execution; always clear and impressive. There is a vigour and a brilliance in his playing which excite our wonder and admiration. Without being an imitator he has known how to profit by his rivals. If we sometimes discover combinations which Thalberg has rendered

popular, he yet preserves his originality and peculiar style. As a composer he possesses an inspiration breathing from himself; he is easy, elegant, and fertile; his phrases are grouped together or poured out, with a charming grace and an astonishing rapidity, full of youth and freshness.

M. Doehler knows how to write as well as perform; and he has the merit (and now-a-days it is a very rare one) of resembling no one. He has taken his place beside the possessors of public favour, has been applauded as if he had no rivals, and loved as if he had been known for years. In hearing him we are continually delighted with the presentment of new images, and the heart is touched with new emotions, indeed, the playing of this eminent man speaks especially to the heart.

“ I’VE SEEN FAR FAIRER FORMS.”

I’ve seen far fairer forms, love,
Eyes that more brightly shine;
I’ve heard much sweeter tones, love,
But none so dear as thine.

For thou I know art true, my love,
Thy vows are all mine own;
Thy faith remains unshaken, love,
Thy love my hopes will crown.

Then what are bright eyes to me, love?
In thee all charms combine;
A faithful heart is all I ask, love,
And that I know is mine.

M. M.

THE CHAPEL ROYAL DUBLIN.—This very beautiful building was erected about the year 1814, under the direction of the late Mr. Johnston, state architect, it is built of cut lime stone, in the florid gothic style, and adjoins Dublin Castle.

The interior is elaborately finished, and lightened by a large stained glass oriel window, and several small ones. The wood work is all oak, richly carved, the fronts of the galleries are divided into compartments, containing the arms of all the Lord Lieutenants up to the time it was finished, with the Royal arms in the centre of the end gallery, all carved in oak. There are pews set apart for the Lord Lieutenant, Archbishop of Dublin, and all the Lord Lieutenant’s household, so that there remains very small accommodation for the public.

The organ was erected by the elder Gray, of London. The choir consists of the following gentlemen:—Alto, Mr. Orr; tenors, Messrs. John Barton and Herbert; basses, Messrs. M’Ghie and Sapio, and six boys.

The service performed here is not strictly the cathedral, as the clergymen do not chant. The choir chant the psalms of the day, the *Te Deum*, *Jubilate*, and the responses to the commandments, and also sing anthems and psalms in general very well, although at times their voices do not blend. The organist, Mr. White, is a most promising young man. The stipend each receives is about 40 or 50 pounds.

LORD BURGHESHER’S MS. OPERA was performed at the Hanover Square Rooms on Thursday evening last. This work of the noble amateur was listened to with much interest by a full assembly of his lordship’s friends, and was very fairly performed by the youthful academicians. Of the merits of the composition we shall decline advancing any opinion, as we were not there to judge for ourselves.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The directors of this society intend rescinding the ill-considered regulation adopted at the commencement of the present season; viz., that of not allowing the English vocalists an opportunity for the display of their talents in solo singing. We trust this attention to the “pressure from without” will tend to alleviate the wrath of the subscribers, and gratify all parties. It is rumoured that Spohr’s symphony—“*Lie weihe der Töne*,” will be produced this season: if so, we presume with a new translation of the poetry. It will be difficult to rival that which appeared some time since in the *New Monthly* magazine.

MEMOIR OF ORLANDO DE LASSUS.

Of the subject of the following memoir, it may be said, as of too many men of genius, that we possess but few memorials of him, except such as were of his own creation—and that we know him almost entirely by his works alone. Of Chaucer, Shakspeare, and how many other stirring names, must the same thing be said. We possess the glorious offsprings of their imaginations, the fruits of their active fancies are preserved to us; but if we would pry into the peculiarities of their lives, study them as husbands, fathers, and citizens, and reverencing their genius, seek to elevate ourselves by finding those points of character which assimilate to our own, the gratification is denied to us, and we are obliged to substitute, for such cheering and interesting reminiscences as we would fain possess of them, the dry records of the parish register.

Orlando de Lassus, for by such name we believe this distinguished musician to be most generally known, cannot be said to have died and left no sign, seeing that there have been handed down to us proofs that his musical genius was as much distinguished by its fertility as its profundity. But though the contemporary and rival of Palestrina, (and the time perhaps is not far distant when he may be shown to be his superior,) it is difficult to decide whether the biographical accounts of him, hitherto submitted to the public, are most marked by the absence of information, or the presence of error.

M. Delmotte, an accomplished French scholar, has at length sought to satisfy the curiosity of the musical public, by furnishing them with fuller and more authentic particulars of the life of this accomplished composer, and to do justice to his fame by appending to his biographical sketch a list of the extraordinary number of works which his active imagination called into existence.* This work, which is beautifully got up, must be a welcome addition to the library of the lover of musical literature.

But now for a few particulars concerning this great master of the sixteenth century, and here on the very threshold, we meet with a startling proof of the obscurity in which all that relates to him has heretofore been veiled. His very name is almost a problem. By some he has been styled *Orland de Lassus*, by others *Orlando di Lasso*, *Roland Lassus*, *Roland Lasse*, and it is now evident that his real name was *Roland de Lattre*. Where was he born?—Some have said Italy, others Bohemia. When was he born? Numbers, and those of great authority, have said 1520, others 1521, while it has been asserted by authorities equally potential, that 1530 or 1532 was the year in question. Chance at length has satisfactorily resolved these points. The author of this memoir was examining a manuscript chronicle of Hainault in the public library at Mons, when, under the date of 1520, he read as follows:—

“1520,—Born in the city of Mons, Orland, called Lassus: (it was in the same year that Charles the Fifth was crowned emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle,) he was in his time the prince and phoenix of musicians, hence arose this verse:—

* *Hic ille Orlandus Lassus qui recreat orbem.*”

The chronicle then goes on to describe very minutely the house in which he was born, and the fact of his having been a choir boy in the church of St. Nicholas, and then tells us that his father having been convicted of coining and publicly exposed on the scaffold, “the said Orland, who was called *Roland de Lattre*, changed his name and surname into *Orland de Lassus*, and departed out of the country, and went into Italy with Ferdinand di Gonzaga, who was a partizan of the King of Sicily.”

This simple statement of the chronicler completely disproves the marvellous story of Orlando's having been thrice kidnapped when a boy, on account of the extraordinary beauty of his voice, with which his earlier biographers, for lack of better materials, have been accustomed to swell out, if not decorate their accounts of him.

The simple fact is, he entered the service of Gonzaga, who at that period commanded a division of the army under Charles the Fifth, and accompanied him to Italy. At eighteen years of age, when his voice had changed, he quitted Ferdi-

* *Notice Biographique sur Roland Deilattre, connu sous le nom d'Orland de Lassus, par H. Delmotte, Valenciennes, 1836. London—Kernot.*

nand de Gonzaga and attached himself to Constantine Castriotto, with whom he resided for upwards of two years at Naples. At one-and-twenty he visited Rome, where he resided for six months under the protection of the archbishop, and at the end of that time received the appointment of Maestro di Capella at the Chapel of St. John of the Lateran, a fact which is proved by Baini in his splendid book on Palestrina, in whose catalogue of musicians, who held that office, we read, "1541, Orlando di Lasso."

In 1543, having filled the duties of this situation with great credit, he revisited his native country, in hopes of once more embracing those parents, towards whom, whatever might be their faults, his heart still yearned. But on his arrival at Mons, he found that the grave had already closed over them. With the view of restoring his mind from the shock which it had sustained from this discovery, he undertook a journey through France and England, in the company of Jules Cesar Brancaccio, a young man of noble family, and a great lover of the arts.

After this he resided at Antwerp, where he was much esteemed, his company being sought after by every person of rank and talent, until 1557, when Albert the Fifth, surnamed the Generous, Duke of Bavaria, invited him to take up his residence at his court. This offer was still more flattering as he was requested to bring with him, from the Netherlands, at that time the very hot bed of musicians, a number of the most distinguished artists.

On his arrival at Munich, being anxious to justify the reputation which had preceded him, he distinguished himself no less by his learning and the beauty of his musical compositions than by his gaiety and wit. And as a reward for these endeavours to please, he received not only the friendship, but the hand of a lady of the court, Regina Weckinga, whom he married in 1558, the year after he took his residence at Munich.

In 1562 Duke Albert appointed him master of his chapel, at that time one of the finest, if not the very finest in Europe, and which consisted of no less than ninety-two of the most distinguished musicians of the age, men of all countries—namely twelve basses, fifteen tenors, thirteen counter tenors, sixteen boys, six castrati, and thirty instrumentalists.

The fame of Lassus was now spread throughout all Europe, and the prince of musicians, as he was styled by his contemporaries, was overwhelmed with marks of favour from the most distinguished sovereigns and princes of the Continent.

Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, unsolicited, created him on the 6th of April, 1574, a knight of St. Peter of the golden spur, he being installed in the papal chapel with all the honor and ceremonies observed on similar occasions.

In 1571 he visited Paris, and was received with every mark of favour and distinction, by the King, Charles the Ninth, who having issued his letters authorizing the establishment of an academy of music, in the November preceding is supposed, and not unreasonably, by M. Delmotte, to have invited Lassus to his court with the view of consulting with him as to the means of making this newly founded institution most effective.

It has been absurdly insisted upon that Lassus composed his most celebrated work, the "*Penitential Psalms*," at the request of this monarch, and to assuage the bitterness of remorse which he experienced for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. But as that bloody scene was not enacted until 1572, and the first volume of the magnificent manuscript of this work, preserved at Munich, was completed in 1565, it is clear that the work could not have been undertaken at the desire of the French king. It is said, however, that Charles was so touched by the performance of this work, and the impression that it left upon his mind was so powerful, that he felt the only comfort to his troubled spirit would be to have the musician at the head of his chapel, like another David, to cause the evil spirit to depart from Saul.

Lassus had no wish to quit Munich, and it was only at the express desire of his patron, Duke Albert, who pitied the condition of the French monarch, that he consented to do so. He had, however, scarcely set forth on his journey, when he received intelligence of Charles's death—intelligence which determined him to retrace his steps towards Munich with all possible dispatch. The Duke received him with open arms, restored him to all his appointments, and, by an act dated 23rd of April, 1579, secured to him an income of four hundred florins (a considerable sum in those days,) for the remainder of his life.

In the following October Albert died. His successor, William the Fifth, sur-named the Pious, not only extended to our musician the same patronage and friendship as his predecessor, but proved equally acceptable to Lassus, who was wont to say "I prefer a master who is a connoisseur to all those who are but amateurs."

We must, however, draw this notice to a close, and we regret to say that a cloud obscured the later days of this great composer's life, which had been of an activity and productiveness which we can scarcely imagine. The mind which had produced so many works—their number is said to exceed two thousand—having been strained beyond its powers, at length gave way. Orlando did not, however, long survive the loss of his reason. He died in 1595, and was interred in the church of the Franciscans at Munich, where a splendid monument, now removed, but happily rescued from destruction, marked the resting place of the phoenix of musicians:—

"Hic ille est Lassus, lassum qui recreat orbem."

MENDELSSOHN AS A YOUTH.

BY MR. JOHN THOMSON.*

During my stay at Berlin I enjoyed peculiar opportunities of becoming acquainted with the works of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, the same gentleman who made so powerful an impression last season in London, at the Philharmonic and other concerts, by his grand symphony in C minor, and his overture to "The Midsummer's Night's Dream," as well as by his admirable performances on the pianoforte. The symphony was written about three years ago (1827), and the overture when he was only seventeen. By the time that he had attained his fourteenth year Mr. Mendelssohn had written many works of a high character: of these I am in possession of three pianoforte quartets, a comic opera, and two sonatas. These are the offspring of true genius; they bear the stamp of originality, and in every page one can perceive the hand of a master familiar with all the resources of his art. The quartets are every way charming; their style is broad, free, and impassioned; they abound in exquisite traits of melody, and, what is rather remarkable, they are all in the minor key, to which, by the way, Mr. Mendelssohn is very partial.

The subject of the comic opera, which was the fourth work Mr. Mendelssohn had then written, is, "The Marriage of Camacho" (*Die Hochzeit des Camacho*), in which Don Quixote and his honest esquire figure with inimitable humour. I have gone through it several times with increased delight. It is truly admirable: each-character has a language of its own, so that no one can ever mistake the strains of Sancho for those of his master; Vivaldo's for those of Carrascho; and the cook's for the villager's. There is much droll humour in the music that Sancho sings, which contrasts charmingly with the ponderous and heroic phrases of the noble Don, who never says a word without a brass accompaniment. The brides-maid's chorus is quite a gem. This opera was brought forward on the Berlin stage. The history of its production is curious:—Mr. Mendelssohn, with that modesty which so eminently distinguishes him, did not consider the music good enough for such a place as the Berlin Opera House, and therefore protested against its being performed. Not all the temptations which such an opportunity of becoming famous held forth—not all the entreaties of his numerous friends, could alter his opinion, or shake his resolution; and it was not till the interposition of an influence which every dutiful son yields to, that Mr. Mendelssohn ceded the point, and set himself assiduously to the task of preparing it for representation. The opera, which Spontini himself conducted, was received by a crowded house with tumultuous applause; and at the fall of the curtain the composer himself was long and loudly called for, but was not forthcoming: he had made his escape from the theatre long before the conclusion, in an agony of fright! Circumstances occurred to prevent its repetition; but it was eminently successful, and would in all probability have become a favourite with the public.

* From the *Harmonicon* for 1830.

I possess twelve published songs under Mr. Mendelssohn's name, which he wrote when a boy of fifteen; but the whole of the twelve are not by him; three of the best are by his sister, a young lady of great talents and accomplishments. I cannot refrain from mentioning Miss Mendelssohn's name in connexion with these songs, more particularly when I see so many young ladies, without one atom of genius, come forward to the public with their musical crudities, and because these are printed, holding up their heads as if they were finished musicians. Miss Mendelssohn is a first-rate pianoforte player, of which you may form some idea, when I mention she can express the varied beauties of Beethoven's extraordinary trio in B flat: she has not the wild energy of her brother, but possesses sufficient nerve for the accurate performance of Beethoven's music. She is no superficial musician, and has studied the science deeply, and writes with the freedom of a master. Her songs are distinguished by tenderness, warmth, and originality: some which I have heard were exquisite. Miss Mendelssohn writes, too, for a full orchestra, by way of practice. When I was at Berlin, she had, for this purpose, begun to score, for a modern orchestra, one of Handel's oratorios, and showed me how far she had advanced.

I was a regular attendant at the quartet parties, held twice a-week, and sometimes oftener, in M. Mendelssohn's house. On these occasions, none were admitted but such as could appreciate and relish the classical works of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Mr. Marx, the able Editor of the Berlin Musical Gazette, a very agreeable and intelligent gentleman, was generally of the select few.

Of Mr. Felix Mendelssohn's compositions I was gratified with the performance of three, viz.: a quintet, a quartet, and a fugue in the strict style, a' 4. The quintet is indeed a glorious work: it exhibits a more matured development of those features which I have already pointed out in speaking of his earlier instrumental writings. The quartet, however, is, to my mind, the finest by far of all Mr. Mendelssohn's compositions with which I am acquainted. It is in the key of A minor. The groundwork of the whole piece is an exquisitely pathetic song, which I regret much that I cannot sufficiently remember, otherwise I might have presented it to your readers; and, certainly, the manner in which he has treated it throughout, is eminently beautiful.

I have no hesitation in giving it my most deliberate and decided opinion, that this quartet is, in every part of it, whether in the tender, the energetic, the solemn, or the gay, quite equal to any instrumental composition of Beethoven himself, with which I am acquainted; and I rather think that I know all his very best works. The fugue, though in the strict style, is very interesting; and, from its quiet and flowing melody, tended much to soothe the excitation caused by the nervousness of the quartet.

Here is a youth who at the age of thirteen—an age when the faculties of most men are only about to appear—produced works in the highest class of composition, instrumental and vocal, exhibiting the most original and felicitous conceptions, impassioned feelings, and scientific knowledge, not surpassed by any one in the prime of manhood:—who, before his sixteenth year, produced grand symphonies and overtures, pronounced, by competent judges, to be worthy of a place beside those of the three greatest masters; and who now (in his twenty second year) is soaring into the regions of fancy with a strengthened wing, and even with a bolder flight. Is it too much, then, to anticipate for him the proudest niche in the temple of Apollo? Haydn's early works have been lost, perhaps deservedly, in oblivion. With those of Mozart all are acquainted; but lovely though they be, it were ridiculous to put them forward as the germ of that genius which afterwards burst forth with so much splendour. And the *Opere prime* of Beethoven was produced at a period of life much later than those of Mendelssohn. What, then, may not be expected from one who, in his first works, has not only surpassed those of the great names just mentioned, but in his later productions has equalled the elaborate compositions of their riper years.

THE GIPSY'S WARNING.—The composer of this popular opera, M. Benedict, pianist to the King of Naples, was a pupil of C. M. Weber, at the time the maestro was finishing the opera of *Der Freyschütz*.

ENGLISH, SCOTTISH, AND IRISH SONG.

By nothing is the genius and moral elevation of a people more readily characterized, than by its popular songs; those airs which, "married to immortal verse," descend from generation to generation, and while they serve as memorials of the spirit and feeling of past ages, form the taste, and imbue the sentiments of every succeeding one.

We are to look for the origin of the English song, in the time of Elizabeth; for little remains of the bards, or their successors the minstrels, worthy notice. There is, indeed, among the royal MSS. in the British Museum, a small oblong music-book, with words and notes, undoubtedly written in the reign of Henry VIII., which contains a few verses with a tinge of comic spirit, but in general the songs found in it are of no great merit. In the era of Elizabeth, however, a new spirit arose and pervaded the art, which the lyric class of poetry abundantly shared. The exquisite tenderness and delightful simplicity of expression of some of those early writers, who seem to breathe the feelings of song in the glow of its first love, have seldom been equalled, and scarcely surpassed, in what we call our polished times. The expression, the diction, the music, the structure of the verse, were as much their own creation as the thoughts and images of their lays; and the one answered to the other, as the echo to the voice.

Ritson places Marlowe at the head of the song writers of Elizabeth's reign, and the well known song of the shepherd to his love, justifies the elevation; where, as Mr. Campbell says, "there are found the combined beauties of sweet, wild spirit, and an exquisite finish of expression." Surrey too deserves high praise, for his love verses have a warmth and depth of feeling, flowing from the heart. But Ben Jonson's songs are the most delightful in the language. Those beginning, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and "Oh! do not wanton with those eyes," will recur, with the mention of his name, to the recollection of every reader.

There is a sparkling Anacreontic gaiety in some of Herrick's effusions, which places him very high in this class of writers. It has been said of him that he "has passages where the thoughts seem to dance into numbers from his very heart, and where he frolics like a being made up of melody and pleasure." The verses to Anthea are of this description:—

"Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee." &c.

Waller is less gay, but equally elegant:—

"Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How fair and sweet she seems to be." &c.

is a noble specimen of his style; and the verses to Chloris, "While I listen to thy voice," &c., are scarcely less elegant.

The single song of Bishop Percy's "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me," is one of the most exquisitely beautiful in our language.

But we must pass over many names, whose magic numbers and "winged words," reach at once the sense and soul. It is to be lamented that many of our modern song writers have retained only the form of those lovely models, while they have lost the living spirit which breathes in them. But there are exceptions, among which may be mentioned S. T. Coleridge, Barry Cornwall, Wordsworth, and Mrs. Hemans; all of whom have given us some charming specimens of the genuine lyric. The tender grace and tuneful expression of Coleridge has scarcely ever been surpassed. The following is a sweet specimen of his style:—

"GENEVIEVE.

"Maid of my love, sweet Genevieve!
In beauty's light you glide along:
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice as seraph's song.

Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
 This heart with passions soft to glow :
 Within your soul a voice there lives !
 It bids you hear the tale of wo.
 When sinking low the sufferer wan
 Beholds no hand outstretched to save,
 Fair as the bosom of the swan
 That rises graceful o'er the wave,
 I've seen your breast with pity heave,
 And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve !"

The Scottish songs, as compared with the English, are more simple in their language, more natural in their sentiments, and wider in their range. They are characterised by greater feeling, and are less indebted for their beauty to the rules of art, or that tone of gallantry which distinguishes the productions of the English, than to that purified natural tenderness of which gallantry is at best but the substitute, or the counterfeit. As a song-writer Burns stands at the head of his countrymen. His lyrics are too well known to be introduced here. "John Anderson," "The Banks o' Doon," "Mary Morison," the "Verses to Mary in Heaven," and that exquisite song, which does indeed contain the essence of a thousand love stories—

Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved so blindly,
 Never met or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
 Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.

All these and many others are as familiar as household words, and have touched the springs of feeling in every bosom. The loves of Burns are of no age ; with them it will be continual spring, embalmed in the beauty and grace of song.

Allan Ramsay is only inferior to Burns, and no song-writer has happier and more frequent touches of delicacy and pastoral sweetness.

Mickle's lovely song, "There's nae luck about the house" must not pass unnoticed, characterised as it is by genuine feeling and simplicity. Burns says, "This is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any other language, The two lines—

And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?

as well as the two preceding ones—

His very foot has music in 't
 When it comes up the stair.

are unequalled almost by any thing I ever heard or read : and the lines—

The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw—

are worthy of the first poet.

Tenderness and beauty are happily mingled by Lady Lindsey in "Auld Robin Grey ;" by Miss Rutherford and Miss Elliott in "The flowers of the forest ;" Joanna Baillie too has added her share of golden song to the overflowing abundance of the Scottish lyre.

The songs of Scotland have been objected to on account of the frequent incorrectness of their rhymes. This is certainly an imperfection ; but it has been pleaded that they were never composed for a printing type : the thoughts were strung together for the lips of maidens, who by a skilful voice melted the rhymes into order and beauty.

We have little space for a notice of the songs of Ireland. That country is, however, on an equal footing with her sister kingdoms in the department of song—

writing. The admirers of the Anacreontic style will find many exquisite morsels, written in the spirit of the old Grecian, among the Irish as well as among English lyrics: and it must be acknowledged that here the Scottish writers are left behind, for their volumes of song scarcely afford a single specimen of this style, abounding with such delicate and choice effusions of the fancy.

The songs of Moore are all but unequalled for delicacy of expression and subtlety of thought. "Those evening bells," "All that's bright must fade," and "I saw thy form in youthful prime," are severally gems. The latter reminds us of an affecting and beautiful composition of the Rev. C. Wolfe, author of the well known verses on the death of Sir J. Moore. This highly-gifted and noble-minded man fell a victim in the prime of his youth to a fever caught by attendance on the sick poor of his parish—a miserable curacy in the province of Armagh. The verses deserve to be better known, as a charming specimen of the pathetic and tender in song-writing.

If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be.
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid!
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary!—thou art dead!

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill black corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And now I am alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I perhaps may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee.
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

REVIEWS.

A Treatise on Singing, embodying with a Course of Initiatory Exercises, a Critical Analysis of the Principles of the Art, and a Copious Variety of Illustrative Examples, by W. A. Wordsworth. BALLS & SON.

THE writer of this folio has apparently acquired a slight practical knowledge of the art of vocalization; but "a critical analysis of the principles of the art," is a subject far beyond his strength. His present essay demonstrates he does not possess the intellectual power, perspicuous style, nor (to judge from his "copious variety of illustrative examples") the extended acquaintance with classical compositions, indispensably necessary for the task he has undertaken. The little which in this work is new, is for the most part unsound; that which is old, has appeared

before in a much neater, and in more modest attire. The introductory remarks on "sustentation of sound, management of breath, and sight singing," (pp. 6, 7,) present such an instance of the infinitesimal attenuation of small ideas as would lead most professors to form an unfavourable opinion of the author's abilities: but we think the absurdities which follow in pages 7 and 8, respecting the "characteristics of the scale," would induce the most patient of Job's disciples, the most meek of the imitators of Moses, to close the volume. The little original thought with which Mr. Wordsworth has favoured the public, he conveys in phraseology of such a highly figurative cast, that it is a matter of considerable difficulty to discover in "the maze of metaphorical confusion" his real meaning. Thus we are told, "vowels are, as the chemists would say, the colouring of words: E and A in the word *earth* produce a neutral tint; spread this tint equally over seven bars," &c. We select two more instances of this description, out of many more which might be quoted:—"Mr. Braham darts his natural voice vigorously upon A in the passage exemplified, and descends smoothly as a parallelogram down an inclined plane, upon the place beneath." "Let the vowel be held as it were in solution," &c.

The work contains an attempted explanation of intervals, ornaments, clefs, scales, and modulations, interspersed with hints on expression, pronunciation, emphasis, &c. We find to be sure mention made of some illustrious names at the close of this treatise; but the examples are chiefly culled from the works of gentlemen of whom we entertain rather an irreverent opinion. We prefer the melodies of Sebastian Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and the other great classics, to selections from a host of anonymous authors, whose reputation is enveloped in as much obscurity as their name and lineage. We do not think the syncopated passage, which occurs in the song from the Creation, "With verdure clad," calculated for the display of the *voce vibrata*: we disapprove of the change of the syllables in *soffeggi*, wherever the key may vary: we should not dream of modulating through six keys to get from the scale of C natural to that of B natural; and we have always been accustomed to explain the clefs by the time-honoured and legitimate method of "the eleven lines." We recommend Mr. Wordsworth to peruse the able works on singing by Professor Marx, Winter, and Gomis; and he will then probably think as lightly of his labours as we do.

First Lessons in Singing, and the Notation of Music, as adapted for Children.

The Singing Master, No. 1, designed for the Use of Schools. Second Edition.

—TAYLOR & WALTON.

Rudiments of the Science of Harmony, or Thorough Bass. The Singing Master, No. 2. Second Edition.—DITTO.

The First Class Tune Book, containing a Selection of simple and pleasing Airs, arranged with appropriate Words, for young Children. The Singing Master, No. 3. Second Edition.—DITTO.

The Second Class Tune Book, &c. &c. Second Edition.—DITTO.

The eight-part motets of Sebastian Bach—of which Sir George Smart has averred, that before they can be performed in England, we must first create the singers; and of which also, it would seem, by the production of Bach's plain counterpoint mass at the Ancient Concerts, Mr. Knyvett will not take the trouble to inform himself about—are at certain periods in the year sung from memory in the streets of Leipsic by the members of the Thomas-schule. This is one of the results of nationalizing music in Germany, and the diffusion of vocal instruction throughout all classes; the desirable object which, it would seem, the compilers of "The Singing Master" have in view by the publication of this work.

The first part is preceded by a few prefatory remarks explanatory of its object. "The work," says the writer, "proceeds on the supposition that the children will be taught to read notes in like manner as they are taught to read words,—that they will have the means of acquiring musical knowledge through musical notation, and not, as is the universal practice in our charity-schools, merely taught to squall by dint of hammering the same air upon the memory; by which ingenious process, the pupil plods on at the musical tread-mill without ever advancing a step, and the master toils hard in order to reap no fruit from his labour save his salary, and to leave his scholars as ignorant as he found them."

In furtherance of this object, this part contains an exposition of the rudiments

of notation, as terse and luminous as any musical primer we have met with. The second part embraces the science of harmony:—chords, cadences, progression of harmonies, figured basses, construction and phrasing of melody. But we regret to see the title-page disfigured by such a confusion of language as “Rudiments of the Science of Harmony, or *Thorough Base*.” We hope to see the pretended teaching of harmony by thorough base very speedily fall into desuetude; feeling convinced that nothing is more likely to form a bad style, a confused knowledge of the powers and legitimate use of the chords in music, and a want of appreciation of classical works, than the wretched system of thorough base; a system very well adapted to prove a useful sort of musical short-hand writing, so long as the elements of composition were few and simple, the gamut confined to about twenty notes, and the harmonies limited in their range and position: but only leading to a perversion of all that is novel and beautiful when applied to the works of modern date.

The third and fourth parts contain arrangements and selections which, from their good taste and moral tendency, we cannot praise too highly. This is a work which, we trust, will make its way into every school, whether of high or low degree, throughout the country. It is truly an interesting and important experiment on our national habits; but we confidently rely on the good sense of the public for its ultimate success.

Musæ Sacræ; consisting of Hymns, Psalms, Sacred Songs, from various compilations, with Responses and Chants, set to music for one, two, or three voices, with an Accompaniment, by Hamerton John Williams.—GEORGE & MANBY.

Mr. Williams has interspersed a neatly printed volume with some beautiful poetry, to which he has allied pleasing music. The blemishes are, occasional false accents, too strong a predilection for the chromatic scale, and a want of compactness in the disposition of his voice parts. “Behold yon flower,” p. 25, is however a delightful melody, and nicely arranged; so also would be—“Oh had I my Saviour, the wings of a dove,” p. 14, if not in some measure disfigured by the peculiarities we have alluded to.

Flowers of Scottish Song, consisting of Ten Songs and Two Duets, written by Tannahil, Burns, &c.; the melodies chiefly composed and selected by the late R. A. Smith, arranged with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by Alexander Lee.—BROWN, GLASGOW.

This beautifully printed volume, ushered into public notice under the patronage of Her Majesty, contains the poetry of Robert Tannahil—remarkable for its simplicity, tenderness, and purity of expression, and its perfect adaptation for musical sounds—set to the graceful and elegant melodies by the late Mr. R. A. Smith. The names of both poet and musician obtained a high degree of popularity during their lives; and this publication will tend long to hold them in grateful remembrance. The arrangements by Mr. Lee are in his accustomed good taste and refined manner—the typography is uniformly exquisite.

Complete collection of Beethoven's Symphonies arranged for the Pianoforte, by F. Kalkbrenner. No. 3. COCKS & CO.

Beethoven's Choral Works arranged for the Organ, by Henry John Gauntlett. Nos. 1, & 2. CRAMER & CO.

Beethoven's Six Master-pieces, edited by Czerny. COCKS & CO.

Beethoven's Grand March and Chorus in the Ruins of Athens, arranged by W. H. Callcott. LONSDALE.

The republication of Beethoven's music in so many shapes, attests the remarkable change which has taken place of late years in the taste of our composers, performers, and audiences. Occasionally there starts up a blockhead, or a batch of blockheads, who drivel in strains of melancholy merriment about what they think proper to call his littlenesses and intricacies, his follies and levities, his rant and buffoonery, but all parties are much too good mannered to take any notice; the calumny has now ceased to provoke laughter, or, indeed, to raise even the smile of incredulity. And why is this? Because the compositions of Beethoven in their impressive and impassioned language, irresistibly appeal to almost every modification of the human heart. Do you entertain a fondness

for excitement, the union of mirth and astonishment, smiles with reflection, or the pleasures of a more gentle and tender character? In Beethoven's surprisingly varied movements, all these tastes may feed with undiminished appetite; and however lively or sedate your sympathies, it is in this music that you experience full and perfect gratification.

No. 3. of Mr. Kalkbrenner's edition of the Symphonies, comprises the Eroica. He has proceeded in his delightful task in a studious, scientific, and experienced manner, and the arrangement of the present number is admirably in unison with the genius of the pianoforte; the melodies are kept clear and brilliant, whilst there is a massive and impressive character given to the many novel and extraordinary harmonies. We will not offend Mr. Kalkbrenner by suggesting that he has advanced his great reputation by this essay. We can only aver that it is in every respect worthy of it. There are some misprints which demand the pen of a careful reviser.

No. 1. of Mr. Gauntlett's arrangement of the Choral Works, contains the most elaborate choral fugue we ever remember to have perused; we say perused, because its performance is no slight effort; but those performers who may endeavour to execute it will be loth to abandon the attempt, such is the unabating vigour, the great skill with which the subject is carried triumphantly through six closely printed pages. In the brilliant coda, page 7, stave 5, bar 1, the last quaver in the upper part should be F not G. Few professors have much knowledge of the eight part mass in D, but this fugue will surely make them anxious to lose no time in becoming well acquainted with every movement in this great and wonderful composition. No. 2. is the fugue "Cum sanctu spiritu," from the same mass. Both fugues place the composer in a new and interesting light, and fully confute the silly notion which was once in some measure prevalent, that Beethoven was an indifferent contrapuntist.

The Sonatas, edited by Czerny, under the new title of the "Six Master-pieces," contain the Sonata Pathétique, Op. 13, the one in A flat, with the funeral march, Op. 26, the Pastorale in D, Op. 28, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, in F minor, Op. 57, and the Sonata "Les Adieux l'Absence et le Retour," Op. 81. Most of the Sonatas are fresh in the recollection of our readers, from the circumstance of their forming a part in the programmes of Mr. Moscheles' *soirées*, and we trust they will not be unwelcome visitants on the desks of their pianofortes, if they have not yet appeared there. Each is engraved in a clear and intelligible manner.

The march and chorus from "The ruins of Athens," has, by this arrangement of Mr. Callcott, been placed within the reach of the family circle—the pianoforte part being facile of execution, and the voice parts presenting no difficulties or elaborate combinations with which to contend. This simple, but beautiful composition, we conjecture likely to retain a high degree of popularity.

Douze Etudes Caractéristiques de Concert pour le Pianoforte, dédiées à sa Majesté Louis, Roi de Bavière, et composées par Adolphe Henselt. Op. 2.

THE fame of Adolphe Henselt, the favoured pupil of Hummel, has long been celebrated in Germany, both as a performer and composer, and the publication of these Etudes Caractéristiques will rapidly gain their composer a no less brilliant reputation in this country. As a boy, Henselt was distinguished for talents at once solid and shining—yet an unsuccessful *débüt* altered the whole tenour of his youthful aspirations. But combining an invincible perseverance with a masculine strength of mind and great energy of spirit, he secluded himself for four years, during which, he was occupied in the most ardent and devoted study of the art, and it is to what may be considered a fortunate mishap, that Adolphe Henselt has now placed himself as a pianoforte composer and performer in the ranks of the most exalted of living musicians. A foreign contemporary thus describes his performance.

"When we have seen this composer at the instrument, he has reminded us of the Troubadour of the olden time, who in a rough and rude period, softened men's spirits, carrying them back, as it were, to the simpler manners and purer morals of long vanished years; while he at the same time rouses them to effort and action; and youths and maidens startle and gaze at one another, as he goes from song to song as though he could never come to an end."

As in Germany, public opinion has been seldom less divided than on the merits and genius of Adolphe Henselt, the work under review demands the special consideration of all art-loving professors. The essential features of these compositions consist in the preservation of a leading melody accompanied by a dispersion of the arpeggios in the other part, which appear to rival, if not exceed, anything that ever Thalberg has attempted in this manner. There are the same contrivance, contrast, and brilliancy as in Thalberg, much boldness of thought, vigour of expression, and somewhat of dramatic spirit; but there is more of the heart—a constant recurring tenderness, a dreamy vapour of passion and imagination flowing up perennially from the fountain of the spirit:—an earnest simplicity betokening the depth and unchangeableness of well founded affection, breathing the very essence of purity and repose. The second Etude bearing the motto (for each are distinguished by some sentiment. "*Pensez un peu à moi, qui pense toujours à vous!*") is an example of this style, and a good indication of the train of thought and temperament which runs throughout—an animated glow of exhilaration combined with a deep and fine sensibility. The cavatina, the song without words, stands out amidst the heap of arpeggios, with a pensive melancholy as pure and tender as moonlight. The fourth studio, entitled "*Repos d'amour*," is a lovely duet—"a thing to dream of"—the first gentle communion of youthful hearts, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," wandering together into the ideal regions of hope and imagination, not caring to be awakened to the sober realities of this weary and distracted life. But our favourites are the third ("*Exauce mes vœux*,"), and the sixth, ("*Si oiseau étais à toi je volerais*,") the latter of which may be said to be the favourite of all Germany, and to have won the hearts of all who have heard it, and is sure to win the hearts of all who have yet to hear it. The third commences with an imploring canto firmo, but which the sun-light of a stream of harmonies, meandering over the compass of two or three octaves, renders rich and lustrous; the composer manfully grapples with the theme, strengthens in the struggle, and pours forth his prayer with a breathlessness, intensity of passion, and "unconquerable strength of love," which is perfectly irresistible. The return to the *motif*, at page 12, to the close of this movement, is charmingly worked up, and amidst all its mystic maze of notes there is a delicious feeling, a spirit of beauty, and an irrepressible ardour, which remind us of Mendelssohn in his warmest moods of inspiration. No. 6, (the far-famed Vögelein) is a most fairy-like composition—the low, sweet, harp-like murmurings from the beating and burning heart of the captive Sylph, pining for the lost loveliness of its native home, and haunted by images too beautiful to be endured, whilst it looks back to those blissful regions where it lived in Paradise. There is nothing new in the forms or construction of this movement. But what of that? Has not Genius the power of making old things appear new?

We must leave the remaining six studies for another opportunity.

Frederick Schneider's Complete Theoretical and Practical Instruction for Playing the Organ, with numerous Exercises for acquiring the use of the Pedals; also a Minute Description of the Interior Construction of Organs. Translated from the original German, by Charles Flaxman, and edited by J. G. Emmet. NOVELLO.

This work is divided into three parts, embracing the proper use of the organ with regard to the manuals and pedals; a concise account of its construction and appropriate use of the stops; and its proper application as an accompaniment of the Church service. The first part unfolds some valuable information respecting the treatment of the manuals and the dexterous employment of the pedals. The second, containing a sketch of the construction of the instrument and the mixing of the stops, is a subject which Mr. Emmet might judiciously have added to; but we are glad to meet in him a warm advocate for the German scale of the manuals. No sensible organist or organ-builder will be instrumental in building an instrument having the manuals after the eight feet C, when it is considered the resigning the seven useless notes below will supply the money for a fine set of pedal pipes, and open the way for the uninterrupted performance of Bach's music in its pure and unchanged state. The third part consists of some sound observations on the Choral, its mode of accompaniment, the introductory and closing

voluntary. The work is preceded by a modest preface, demonstrating that Mr. Emmett is not only a warm and ardent worshipper of the great school of organ music, but has been influenced in the prosecution of his task by the best and most praiseworthy motives.

Bertini's Studies for Small Hands; Twenty five Studies for the Pianoforte, composed expressly for Pupils who cannot reach an octave. By H. Bertini. CHAPPELL.

This is a most interesting publication, always simple and unaffected, sparkling and lively. M. Bertini has so commanded his attention and well managed his ideas, as to bring them to bear upon such technicalities as are within the grasp and comprehension of a child. He can boast the happy talent of producing *in miniature* a series of studies remarkable for their natural and easy flow of melody (a quality which may be justly termed the perfection of the art), a perfect appropriateness of detail, and all the freshness, purity, and agreeable manner of a consummate artist. It is a rare thing to find one who is evidently an accomplished pianist, so animated by a true love for his art as to exercise his ingenuity in the composition of a series of Lilliputian studies; but this truly original cast and individuality of character so tempered by reason and sound judgment, places them as most valuable acquisitions in the catalogue of our school books. We know of no work which so unites the *dulce et utile*, or one more worthy the attention and patronage of the musical instructor.

The Psalter; or Psalms of David, carefully marked and pointed, to enable the Voices of a Choir to keep exactly together by singing the same syllable to the same note; and the accents, as far as possible, made to agree with the accents of the chant; and also to remove the difficulty which individuals generally find who are not accustomed to the chanting of the Psalms: by Robert James, Organist of Ely Cathedral. RIVINGTON, AND COCKS & Co. 45

There can be no good reason against the introduction of the scriptural and ancient practice of chanting in our parochial service, and with the aid of this excellent publication, any person who has music in his soul, although he may not know a note, may be well qualified to join in the service of the chant after half an hour's instruction. We rejoice to hear that the labours of Mr. James have not proved unfruitful—his book has been introduced already in one metropolitan church, and we hope to congratulate him upon its introduction in most, if not all. It well deserves the consideration of all clergymen, organists, and churchwardens—the practicability of general chanting is beyond question—it only requires the exertions of a few spirited individuals to bring us back to the good old times of the primitive church.

Hail, God of Song! a Glee for Four Voices, sung by Messrs. Robinson, Turner, Longhurst, and I. O. Atkins, which gained the Prize given by the Western City Glee Club, March 15, 1838. The Poetry by W.C. Wills, Esq.; the Music composed by J. K. Pyne, jun. HAWES.

This prize glee is clever in design, but imperfect in execution. Mr. Pyne has expressed the words admirably, the movements are well contrasted, and there is much fervour and spirit pervading throughout the whole. The blemishes rather display a want of habit of composition than any deficiency in a warm musical temperament. In page 1, stave 2, bar 3, at "gloom of night," we should have preferred keeping the A flat in the base, and descending (in the tenor) from A to G and F, thus avoiding the false relation between the tenor and base. The first bar of the allegretto, page 3, the E in the base on the word "gaily," should have been A. At present, the descent from the fourth in the alto, and the sixth in the second tenor, is injudicious. The E in the base in the third bar, strikes the ear unpleasantly; and we should prefer the A below, with C in the second tenor. We do not understand the progression of the chords at the top of page 4, on the word "inspire." It strikes us as the second inversion of the seventh on F, forced into a false position. At the top of page 5, on the word "harmony," there appear consecutive fifths between the alto and second tenor, which should have been A, or better C. The progression from B flat to C sharp, in the second stave of this

page, on the words "festive harmony," is not the proper disposition of the chords. The first bar in the second stave of page 6, discloses another progression of consecutive fifths between the tenor parts; and in the last bar but one of the same, there is a false relation between the alto and second tenor. The subject of the fughetta is incorrectly answered in the second tenor and alto parts; and the second tenor commences on an unprepared fourth. At page 8, last stave, second bar, an unprepared fourth makes its appearance on the chord of the six-four-three; we should have preferred C in the base with the chord of the sixth. In the following bars, at the words, "shall pour along," the second tenor and alto make an appearance of consecutive fifths, which might have been avoided by having D instead of B in the lower part.

There is a nice descent of the inner parts towards the close, and a good use of the chord of the six-four in page 4, stave 2, bar 1, on the words "festive harmony;" but the fourth should have been prepared in the second tenor, the F in the first being changed into A.

METROPOLITAN CONCERTS.

MADAME DULCKEN'S CONCERT on Friday evening, at the Hanover Square Rooms, was graced by the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Augusta, Prince George of Cambridge, and as brilliant and crowded an audience as we ever beheld. We subjoin the programme. *Part I.*—Symphony in C minor (two movements)—Beethoven. Aria, Miss Woodham, "Regnava nel silenzio" (Lucia di Lammermoor)—Donizetti. Duetto, Miss Birch and Mrs. Alfred Shaw, "Come ti piace imponi," (La Clemenza di Tito)—Mozart. Grand MS. Concerto (first time of performance), Madame Dulcken.—Hummel. Aria, Signor Ivanoff, "Fra poco a me," (Lucia di Lammermoor)—Donizetti. Fantasia, Harp, M. Labarre, "Les Souvenirs Irlandais."—Labarre. Aria, Miss Fanny Wyndham, "L'Addio."—Mozart. Duetto, Mlle. Placci and Signor Ivanoff, "Mira la bianca luna."—Rossini. Fantasia, violin, Mr. Mori.—De Beriot. Scena ed Aria, Signor de Begnis, "I violini tutti insieme." (Il Fanatico per la Musica)—Sacchini. *Part II.*—Overture (Jubilee)—Carl Maria Von Weber. Cavatine, Madame Labarre, "Robert, toi que j'aime." (Robert Le Diable)—Mayerbeer. Song, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, "The Erl-King;" accompanied on the pianoforte by Madame Dulcken.—Schubert. Fantasia, and Variations on a German national air, flute, Mr. Heinemeyer (first flute to the King of Hanover.)—Heinemeyer. Aria, Mlle. Placci, "Ah! s'estinto," (Donna Caritea.)—Mercadante. Barcarola, Signor Ivanoff (by particular desire) "Or che in cielo," (Marino Faliero.)—Donizetti. Grand Fantasia, Madame Dulcken.—Thalberg. Aria, Miss Birch, "Gratias agimus tibi;" clarinet obligato, Mr. Lazarus.—Guglielmi. Duetto, Signori Giubilei and De Begnis, "Mentre Francesco."—Coccia. Mr. Mori led the first act, Mr. Eliason the second; and Sir George Smart was the conductor.

This was certainly one of the most agreeable *soirées* of the season, and to say that the fair pianiste was heard with delight, and applauded with enthusiasm, is needless. The MS. concerto of the late M. Hummel was a most interesting performance, and brought with it grateful recollections of the colours and genius of a consummate artist. If it does not outshine anything of his that we know, it is fully equal to his *chef-d'œuvre*, whatever may be the composition enjoying this distinction. Each movement is supported by a simple, but melodious theme, the details of which are admirably drawn out, adorned with vigour of thought, and require for their execution a performer endowed with great powers and experience. It was much relished, and met with a flattering reception from the audience, to which the delicate finish, and spirited intrepidity, exhibited in the lady's treatment of it, in no small measure contributed. A fantasia by Thalberg afforded a second opportunity to Madame Dulcken for a display of her extraordinary accomplishments, and her efforts were rewarded with the warmest congratulations from the assembly of rank and fashion which surrounded her. A perusal of the programme will demonstrate that there was much to please; and the high reputation of the vocalists and instrumental performers is a guarantee that it afforded general satisfaction.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The concert yesterday evening was held under the direction of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. The vocalists were Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Knyvett, Miss Birch, and Miss Hawes; Messrs. Bennett, Terrail, Sale, Machin, and Ivanhoff.

MR. KELLNER'S SOIREE MUSICALE.—On Saturday evening Mr. Kellner gave his concert for the present season; and, in the triple character of composer, pianist, and vocalist, highly gratified his numerous auditory. The following programme was performed: *Part I.*—Grand Trio Concertante (*L'Alliance*), for the pianoforte, harp, and flute, Mr. Kellner, Miss Gautherot, and M. Sedlatzek, Bochsa. Duo Buffo, "Con Pazienza," Mademoiselle Ostergaarde and Signor de Begnis, Fioravanti. Canzonetta, "Vaga Luna," Mr. Kellner, last composition of Bellini. Aria, Miss Birch. Ballad, Mr. James Bennett, Bennett. Solo on the Concertina, Giulio Regondi. Terzetto, "Ti parli d'amore," Miss Birch, Mr. James Bennett, and Mr. Kellner, Rossini. *Part II.*—Fantasia, pianoforte, "Motifs de Don Giovanni," Mr. Kellner, Thalberg. Fantasia, violin, Mademoiselle Milanollo, Mayseder. Terzetto, "A te o cara," (Puritani), Miss Birch, Mr. J. Bennett, and Mr. Kellner, Bellini. Aria, with variations, "O dolce contento," (Magic Flute), Mademoiselle Ostergaarde, accompanied on the flute by M. Sedlatzek, Mozart and Tulou. Aria, (German, from Schiller's Wallenstein), "Der Eichwald brauset," Mr. Kellner, Kellner, (MS.) Miss Rainforth, "The Angel's Whisper," S. Lover. Duo, "Che bella vita è il militar," Mr. Kellner and Mr. James Bennett, Generali. We derived great pleasure from listening to this prettily selected scheme; but in bestowing general commendation on all parties, we must beg to particularise the beautiful singing of Miss Rainforth in Mr. Lover's charming ballad, and the extraordinary performance of Giulio Regondi on the concertina. The fantasia of the latter is replete with charming music; and we were amongst the foremost to congratulate him on the taste, discrimination, and ability, manifested in its execution. It was one of the most perfect exhibitions we ever witnessed.

MR. NEATE'S SOIREE.—This amiable member of the profession gave his first *soirée* on Monday evening, at the Hanover Square Rooms. He was ably supported by the most talented members of the profession, and the audience was both numerous and fashionable.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.—In addition to the attractions of Grisi, Placci, and Lablache, the subscribers to this Society were gratified by the presence of Mademoiselle Caremoli at their third concert for the season, which took place on Monday last. This lady possesses a fine contralto voice of considerable power and compass. Lindley, Howell, Mori, and Chatterton, by their exertions, added *eclat* to the scene. The *Morning Post* observes of the conductor (and with considerable truth)—"Mr. Forbes amazes us as a conductor: we never know whether he is three bars before or behind in his beat. If the things go well, it is when nobody is looking to the gyrations of his *baton*." Mr. Forbes should know that the arm of the conductor is the index of his mind; and if the music be not in his head, no situation so readily leads to an exposure of the fact.

CHIT-CHAT FROM THE CONTINENT.

THE first performance of Beethoven's grand choral symphony at Braunschweig, was lately announced in a foreign periodical in the following terms:—"Jubilee of all Jubilees! To-morrow will indeed be a day; and I could embrace the whole chapel band for joy. In aid of a charitable fund a grand concert will be given in the theatre, when this noble work is to be performed for the first time. When it has been executed once, we shall soon have it a second, a third, and a tenth time. A taste will be formed for this superb composition; lovers of music will be astonished at its purity and beauty, and every one will be ready to exclaim—'Beethoven was indeed a musician!' So much for the present, and more hereafter." One of the writers in the same periodical, in an article upon Clara Novello's successful progress on the Continent, and particularly at Berlin, accounts for it in the following way:—"Since the days of the far-famed Henrietta Sontag-

no singer has excited so much interest as Miss Novello; yet it must be confessed that the young Englishwoman owes as much to her good fortune as to her extraordinary talents. In the first place, it was fortunate that she came to us from Leipsic, where musical reputation is most easily acquired; then, she was recommended to the first houses by one of the first musicians of the age; and, in the last place, she came at that period of holiday merriment when people seem to live only to hear music and the shouts from the sledges. To these secondary causes we will now add the principal ones. Miss Novello possesses a highly pleasing and well cultivated voice; her person is agreeable, and she comes from a country *from whence nothing musical is expected or hoped for!* But we find ourselves deceived and surprised, and the triumph has been complete."

CLARA WIECK has been appointed by the Empress of Austria pianiste to Her Majesty. The Empress was pleased to say on the occasion, that she wished this distinction to be regarded as a mark of the high esteem in which she held her talents. The number of these honorary musicians to Her Majesty is now seven: Madame Pasta, Frl. Lutzer, Frl. Clara Wieck, Paganini, Thalberg, Merk, and Mayseder.

M. HENSELT AT PETERSBURGH.—Henselt, Lipinski, and Vieuxtemps, arrived here the day before yesterday; the first and last from Warsaw, and Lipinski from Lemberg. P., the pianoforte maker, has just now the most splendid instrument ever made in Petersburg. Henselt had no sooner seen him than he flew off to his piano. After trying it he jumped up and exclaimed—"That is what I call a piano; just what I have always thought of and wished for: the English pianos rattle too much, and those of Vienna, notwithstanding their clear and beautiful tone, are not sufficiently powerful. Both are united here; and if Petersburg produces such instruments as this, I, for one, shall never go away. Henselt's appearance and introduction here will be quite out of the common way. The account of his arrival flew about like wild-fire, and spread instantaneously throughout the city, so that his dwelling has been actually besieged, in order to get a sight of him. No one was ever exalted to such a height in popular opinion, before even an opportunity was given to make a trial of merit.

ROTTERDAM.—Mendelssohn's "Paul" has been performed here for the first time. The choir, of sixty persons, was scarcely strong enough for the powerful orchestra; in other respects the composition gave the highest pleasure, and was received with acclamations.

UTRECHT.—A performance took place on the first of last month, for the benefit of the Lutheran Orphan Fund, at the Lutheran Church at Utrecht, when Fesca's 103d Psalm and Spohr's "Last Judgment," were admirably executed: the choir consisted of a hundred and twenty persons.

NINTH, AND LAST CONCERT OF THE CONSERVATOIRE.—The Sinfonia Eroica of Beethoven was performed in the best manner; but, as faithful reporters, we must acknowledge it was not received by the public with the usual enthusiasm. In the selections from *Joseph*, by Mehul, M. Pouchard displayed his scientific method of singing, and sweetness of expression. The orchestra performed, for the first time, a minuet from a symphony composed by M. Turcas. This piece, insufficient in itself to enable us to judge of the whole composition, is well instrumented, and the details are pleasing. The melody appeared to be deficient in originality. The solo for the oboe, composed and executed by M. Brod, gave much satisfaction. It was a charming display of the talent of the artist. Though often repeated, the fragments from Beethoven's Septett by all the violins, altos, violoncellos, double basses, clarionets, horns, and bassoons, excited, as usual, the most rapturous applause. The performance of the scene from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, with the choruses, was well received. The solos were sung by Messrs. Pouchard and Dupont. The overture from Mehul's *Jeune Henri*, performed in unexceptionable style, concluded the concert. The concerts of the Conservatoire are closed for the season. The eagerness of the public to be present at these musical assemblies continued unabated; and we may venture to predict that the twelfth year will bring with it the introduction of new compositions, new enjoyments, and the continuance of deserved eulogiums.

THEATRICAL SUMMARY.

The Haymarket commenced its summer campaign on Easter Monday, in a style of decorative splendour which, but for the welcome re-appearance of many old favourites on its boards, almost made one doubt the identity of the place. Sheridan Knowles' *Love Chase* was performed with a strong cast, for the eighty-fifth time, and was received with apparently undiminished interest. Miss Cooper made a highly successful *débüt* in the part of *Lydia*, and certainly invested the character with a higher degree of interest than her predecessor, Miss Vandenhoff. Miss Elphinstone, a pupil of Sheridan Knowles, came out as *Constance*; but was too melodramatic in her acting to please us—too energetic and artificial for the impersonation of either mirth or sadness. Mr. E. Glover, a son of the eminent actress of that name, performed, for the first time, the part of *Master Waller*, in a quiet unaffected manner. The remaining characters were assumed by their former proprietors, and the performance, together with the other entertainments, were welcomed by a crowded house with every demonstration of satisfaction.

The *Hunchback*, in which Mr. Sheridan Knowles sustained his original character; Miss Elphinstone that of *Julia*; E. Glover the part of *Sir Thomas Clifford*; and in which Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Hemming particularly distinguished themselves as *Helen* and *Modus*, has also been reproduced at this theatre, together with a series of established favourites.

The Easter pieces at Drury Lane and Covent Garden have met with a different fate than might have been anticipated. The street follies and practical jokes of the *Meltonians* have outweighed, in the estimation of the play-going public, the gorgeous scenery and oriental charms of *Sinbad the Sailor*, which has, unfortunately for the spirited manager, proved a failure.

Power and Yates, in Mrs. S. C. Hall's new burletta, the *Groves of Blarney*, at the Adelphi, have ensured the success of a piece more human in its characters and incidents than is usually to be met with at this theatre; while Madame Vestris, in the "Drama's Levee," by Planché, enjoys the credit of having procured, for the entertainment of her visitors, the best Easter piece of the season.

The St. James's has signalized the recurrence of the Easter holidays by several novelties; among which the most attractive is a burlesque of the loves of *Hero* and *Leander*.

Romeo and Juliet, as newly brought out at Covent Garden, is chiefly memorable for the example set by Mr. Macready to first-line actors, by his modest assumption of the secondary part of *Friar Laurence*; his personation of which character on Monday was, in our opinion, the most interesting feature of the whole performance.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Madame Grisi selected for her re-appearance before a London audience the part of *Desdemona* in Rossini's well-known opera of *Otello*, and sang and acted with an exuberance of power and energy, which seemed to be inspired by her consciousness of the recent arrival in this country of one able to dispute with her the palm of vocal and histrionic supremacy, if not to carry it away.

No one, we think, who carefully compares the respective styles of Madame Persiani and her fair competitor, can hesitate in pronouncing the former to be the more accomplished musician. The perfect ease with which the new *prima donna* introduces on the repetition of an aria, new, varied, and striking *fioriture*, indicates the possession of higher natural endowments than have fallen to the lot of her distinguished rival, or the advantage of having studied in a more extended and scientific school. In every attribute of a finished vocalist, excepting volume of voice, Persiani is, as far as we can judge, fully equal to Grisi; and her superior æsthetic attainments more than compensate for this defect. If Grisi be a more commanding representative of the conflict of stormy passions, the other more seldom "o'ersteps the modesty of nature;" and we must confess that the extravagant bursts of passion affected by modern heroines of the opera, startle the spectator into the belief of anything, but their reality. We always looked upon the gifted Malibran's performance of *Amina*, at an English theatre, as injured in effect by her vehement caresses of *Elvino* before the eyes of a whole village. This lamented *artiste* could urge in excuse that her every exaggeration of the truth of nature was received with corresponding acclamations on the part

of the audience, who testified their approval in exact ratio with her departure from the probabilities of the scene. The frequenters of the opera, may, however, congratulate themselves on the simultaneous advent of these theatrical luminaries; as they will contribute to each other's success by the gratification of two powerful natural sentiments—the love of variety, and the pleasure of comparison.

The following sensible remarks are extracted from the notice of *Otello*, which appeared in the *Times*.

"In the annals of the Italian Opera, for the last thirty years at least, there have appeared at the same time no two *artistes* so likely to divide the town into musical sects and parties as these, and to become the subject of interminable controversy. The broad distinction between them is, that Persiani quietly and unpretendingly steals into our good graces; whilst Grisi, queen-like and absolute, commands them, and carries them by storm. In Persiani there is too much, in Grisi too little, repose. The imaginative auditor will prefer the former, because there is something to follow out, which will require the trouble of careful watching, but will well repay that trouble; the more cold or careless observer will attach himself to Grisi, because she forces his attention at the moment when it is wanted, and liberally rewards him for it. The abandonment to the illusion of the scene, the art of concealing art, is greater in Persiani than in Grisi; but the bursts of passion, sometimes almost terrific, in the latter, are far beyond the attainment, physically as well as mentally speaking, of her rival."

I Puritani has been on the ascendant since the second performance of *Otello*, and has drawn crowded houses. We consider it, in a musical point of view, not the best of Bellini's operas; and rather wonder at, than envy, the taste which can prefer it to more sterling music.

In consequence of the indisposition of Grisi on Tuesday evening, *La Sonnambula* was substituted for *I Puritani*.

COURT CIRCULAR.

Her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent attended divine service on Sunday morning last, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The musical service was King's in C, Savage's Sanctus, and King's responses. The Anthem (full) "God is gone up," (Croft). Sir George Smart presided at the organ.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, honoured the performance of *I Puritani*, at Her Majesty's Theatre. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, were also present at the performance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ST. JAMES'S CLERKENWELL.—Mr. Lincoln has repaired the organ in this church, the work of Mr. England. It was re-opened on Sunday last, when Mr. H. J. Lincoln presided with his well known skill and ability. The collections fully covered the expense.

ST. PETER'S, ISLINGTON.—A new organ has been built for this church by Mr. Walker. Mr. Hopkins has been appointed organist.

ORGANISTS.—The situations of organist to St. John's, Hoxton, and the new church, Mitcham, are vacant by the resignation of Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Charles Severn.

ST. GEORGE'S, SOUTHWARK.—The situation of organist to this church is now vacant.

ST. JOHN'S, WATERLOO.—Mr. Brownsmith has been summarily and most unnecessarily voted out of his appointment as organist to this church. The candidates are required each to take the duty for one Sunday.

MISS FANNY WOODHAM left London last Wednesday for Edinburgh, to fulfil an engagement entered into with Mr. Mitchell, the enterprising manager of the Italian Opera Buffa, who intends giving operas in that city and the principal towns of Scotland.

It is not generally known that Lablache is the present instructor of Her Majesty in singing.—*Morning Post*.

THE GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The triennial festival of the Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester choirs takes place the second week in September next at Gloucester. Grisi and Lablache are engaged.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The annual concert for the benefit of the funds of this charity takes place to-morrow evening.

BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY.—Mr. Moscheles intends performing this symphony at his forthcoming concert in a style of unexampled splendour.

MELODISTS' CLUB.—The meeting on Thursday was distinguished by the presence of Moscheles, Hausman, and Heinemeyer. The former took the subjects of his fantasia from the choral symphony of Beethoven; and by the cool, collected, well arranged, and masterly manner, in which he extemporized, well sustained the great reputation he enjoys as an extemporaneous performer.

M. THALBERG has left Paris for Vienna; **M. Rosenhaim** is on his way to London, where **M. Doehler** will join him in a few days.

ROSSINI will, it is said, be the director of the new Italian Opera House at Paris. He is composing a new opera for its opening in October next. Mademoiselle Louisa Taglioni (a younger cousin of the *Sylphide*) a beautiful and graceful girl of fifteen, is to make her *debut* this season, at the Theatre San Carlos at Naples, as *premiere danseuse*. Her two elder sisters, Mademoiselles Mariette and Erminia, are singing with great success at the Royal Theatre de Toudor.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"PIO CIANCHETTINI" has been received, and his hints shall receive our attention.

WESTERN CITY GLEE CLUB. The review of Mr. Pyne's glee, communicates the fact enquired after by our correspondent.

We continue to receive notices of many recent concerts in the provinces; but our Correspondents must be aware that the metropolitan meetings, and, *ceteris paribus*, our advertising friends are entitled to the preference.

WEEKLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Herz, J. Airs de ballet from Stradella
(No 1) as brilliant Rondos.....Chappel
Burgmuller. Souvenir de Mulhausen
Trois Galops, and Walses.....Ditto
Strauss. Valses universelles set 30,
Kronunga Walzer Op. 91.....Wessel
Set 31, Kunstler, Ball Tanze;
Op. 94.....Ditto
Galop Paris "Homage aux
Dames".....Ditto
Le Galop de Paris.....Mori
Pilger am Rhein Walzer.....Andre
Musard's 80th set of Quadrilles from
Parisina.....Boosey
Gomion's Fantasia from Lucia di
Lammermoor.....Mori
Melesville. Pas Chinois.....Monro & May

VOCAL.

Andre. Missa Solennis in E flat, vocal
score and new arrangement.....Andre
Jarmann. Harp of Judah, No 10.....Hart
Harris, G. F. Softly o'er the Brenia
bounding.....Boosey
Miss de Humbolt. "The Gipsy's
Home".....Mills
Farewell Helvetia, Swiss
air for two voices with accompani-
ments for Harp or Pianoforte.....Chappel
Donizetti. Troppo amai, aria (Sancia) Mills
Voga, Voga, Duetto (Para-
sina).....Ditto
Muta insensabile, ditto (ditto) Ditto
Schubert. Sing that song again.....Chappel
Wade. 12 favourite Spanish songs
(2 sets).....Ditto

GUITAR.

Strauss. Pfennig waltz.....Johannning
Pesth ditto.....Ditto
Frohsinn mein Zell ditto.....Ditto
Mosaic ditto.....Ditto

Strauss. Chorus from La Dame Blanche.....Johanning
American air.....Ditto
Rondo, Rory O'More.....Ditto
Schulz. Buona notte (Introduction
and air).....Ditto
My lodging.....Ditto
Echoes Alpes.....Ditto

Donizetti. Parasina by Calcott, Books
1 and 2.....Mills

FLUTE AND PIANO.

Friesch's 2 Fantasias Twelve sets of
the most popular waltzes by Strauss.....Cocks
18 ditto for 2 Flutes.....Ditto
36 ditto for 1 Flute.....Ditto
Ditto for Violin and Piano.....Ditto

ORGAN MUSIC.

Rinek's 24 Grand Organ Pieces, Op.
120, book 4.....Ditto

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bocha's "Perche non ha," Lucie di
Lammermoor.) duet Harp and Pina-
noforte.....Mori
Reissiger and Maurer. La Marie, con-
certante variations on Tema by
Rovelli for Pianoforte and Violin.....Wessel
Lewy. Les Concerts de Societe No. 6,
Air "Magic power" for voice, Pina-
noforte, and Vcello.....Ditto
Clinton. "Vorrei che il tuo," (Otello)
Trio for 2 Flutes and Pianoforte.....Wessel
Herold. Overture to Zampa (Quartet)
Flute, Violin, Tenor, and Vcello.....Andre
Beethoven. Overture to Egmont
(Quartet).....Ditto
Rossini. Opera of Barber of Seville
(Quartet).....Ditto
Boildieu. Overture Calif de Bagdad,
Quartett for Flute, Violin, Tenor,
and Bass.....Ditto

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

MR. MOSCHELES has the honour to announce that his *Morning Concert* will take place on Wednesday, May the 23rd, when he will perform his Concerto in E flat, a-d Beethoven's Grand Fantasia, with Orchestral Accompaniments and Choruses, and by particular desire will conduct Beethoven's Grand Choral Symphony, on the splendid scale of the last Philharmonic Concert. Further particulars will be duly announced.

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"Sanct Mungo," glee for three voices, composed by John Turnbull.

BROWN, Glasgow.

PRIZE GLEES.

The Liverpool Apollo Glee Club offer the sum of Ten Pounds for the best serious Glee for equal voices, and a further sum of Five Pounds for the best cheerful or bacchanalian glee for three or four equal voices. The composer for the second prize to have been a resident within the parliamentary boundary six months previous to the 1st of March, 1833. The compositions to be written expressly for this occasion. The copies (which must not be in the hand-writing of the composers) to be addressed and forwarded to the secretary, at the house of Mr. Holden, Richmond Row, on or before the 30th of September, 1833, accompanied by a sealed envelope, inclosing name and address, and endorsed with a corresponding motto. No composer to forward more than two compositions for each prize. The unsuccessful glees to remain in possession of the club, (not interfering with the copyright); and it is particularly requested that they be of a uniform size, viz. upright royal quarto. Immediately on decision notice will be given to each candidate.

Liverpool; March 17th, 1833.

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Engagements will be offered to Madame Pasta, and Madame Cinti Damoreau on their arrival. The extraordinary Pianist, Mons. Dohler will perform a Grand Concerto. Mons. Labarre, a Fantasia on the Harp; Mr. Heinemeyer, (the new Flute-player), a Solo; Mr. Mori will play a Concerto; Mr. Mori and Mr. Lindley a Duet for Violin and Violoncello; Conductor, Signor Costa. The Orchestra, which will be erected on the stage, will consist of a double number of Performers, numbering upwards of One Hundred Members, comprising the combined strength of the Italian Opera, Philharmonic, and Ancient Orchestras. Leaders, Mr. F. Cramer and Mr. Mori.

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